Gunther, it was possible to get inside Europe. 'All Central Europe is in that man,' a publisher's advertisement ran.

In cinemas, even the uninitiated might see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears what Madame Tabouis wrote about and Commander King-Hall understood. News films were popular; *The March of Time* series showed the world on a sheet of cloth; films like I *was a Nazi Spy* made the Third Reich live in many a picture palace. Nothing was hidden, nothing secret under the sun. Time marched visibly and audibly; all circles, upper, lower and parterre, were informed, all vouchsafed a view of the stage on which their own destiny was being enacted.

For providing information about events, none were better placed than newspaper correspondents. Wherever was excite-ment, there they were. They raced about the world in search of what was most urgent, most timely; interviewed the great, and witnessed the stuff of headlines. Inside information was at their disposal, and on their typewriters they played each day's tumult. Like bloodhounds following a scent, they followed news, a ravening pack. Trains, aeroplanes, motor-cars, carried them to the scene of all disasters; wars and rumours of wars set them in motion. Censorships might impede, but could not prevent, their activities. They were themselves as sudden and as ruthless as the happenings they described.

Let a regime collapse, they were soon attached to what came after it. Though they might mourn the passing of a Benes or a Haile Selassie, their interest in the fallen was soon exhausted. They belonged in the wake of power; where news

was, there was their heart also. The present claimed their whole attention; those whom they served—the many eyes so curious, surveying printed sheets, required variety, and scorned yesterday's doings and great ones. They were able to reveal; in hotel lounges and crowded streets, they detected currents of opinion, eager hopes and tremulous fears. Clutching their typed messages, they besieged censorship offices, clamouring for attention; hung lovingly over telephones, little black mouthpiece receiving their eager words; gathered, notebook in hand, round whoever